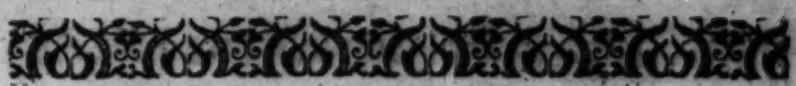


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THE PROTICAL SON:
A
WELCH Preachment,
BY THE
Parson of LLANGTYDDRE

On the RETURN of his
PROTICAL SON, &c.



[The FOURTH EDITION.]



[Price Six-Pence.]

THE PROLOGUE

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A

WELCH PROLOGUE



PROLOGUE OF LAMONT

On the RETURN of his

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A

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BY THE

Parson of LLANGTYDDRE.

On the RETURN of his

PROTICAL SON.

From these Worts :

*—He went into a far Country, and
there spent his Substance in riotous
Living.*

And when he had spent all, &c.

Publish'd from an Authentic Manuscript.

He that runs may read.

L O N D O N :

Printed for H. CARPENTER in Fleetstreet,
and Sold at the Pamphlet Shops. 1750.

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A

WELCH PREAMBLEMENT

BY THE

Pastor of LANGTYDRE.

On the 11th of his



PROTICAL SON.

From these Words:

—He went into a far Country, and
there spent his substance in riotous
living:
And when he had spent all, he
came to himself.

Published from an Authentic Manuscript.

He that runs may read.

L O N D O N.

Printed for H. CARPENTER in Fleet-street,
and Sold at the Pamphlet Shops.

WELCH Preachment.

From these Worts :

*He took his Journey into a far Country, and
there wasted his Substance in riotous Liv-
ing, &c.*

THE Worts of my Text are
Part of a Parable spoken to
the *Jews*, (a People that loſ't
to go whoring abroaſt,) in order, as I ſup-
poſe, to perſuade them, that after any con-
ſiderable Perſon of the Community had
been to a far Country where he ſhould
not have done, and had there done Things,

B

which

which he shoult not have tone, *spent his Money in riotous liffing, and so forth*, when he had seen his Folly, and was return't akain to the Country where he ought to liffe, it was their Tuty to rejoyce, in hopes that he woult neffer ko Aproat akain, and that he woult for effer after do the Things that are koot and right.

THIS, my Peloved, I take to pe the Scope and Tefign of the Paraple ; and therefore I have calt you tokether to rejoyce on this ffery merry Occasion, pecause *the lost Sheep is fount, my Son that was deat is now alive akain ; he was lost and he is fount.*

AND now, my Peloffed, having ex-plaint to you the Meaning of this Paraple in its fikurative Sense, I shall next ffew it in its literal Sense, as haffing a more immediate relashon to my Protikal, whom ye all know is just return't from a far Country : And in doing this, three Things are proper to be confiter't, as the subject of this Preachment.

FIRST,

FIRST, The Occasion of the Protikal's ko-
ing to a far Country : *He had kather'd*
his ALL tokether ; that is to say, he had
kot a kreat Pag of Money, and like a Plok-
beat thought it woult neffer pe spent.

SECONDLY, The Usage he met with in
that Country ; *when he had spent ALL,*
e'kot, they turn't him into the Fielts to
feed Swine. And

LASTLY, The Cause of his Return : *He*
had wastet his Supstance in riotous Liffing,
and pekan to pe in Want.

I. The Occasion of the Protikal's koing
to a far Country : And that was none at all
e'kot, but his own perfferce Disposishon.
He hat a ffery koot Phater that had giffen
him a kreat teal, had giffen him a'most all ;
and so, my Peloffed, have hur peen a ffery
koot Phater too, as you shall hear : As
foon as hur Protikal was pig enough for
Preeches, hur pought him a Hoppy-horse
to learn him to rite, and as soon as he coult
rite hur pought him a *Welch* Colt, the finest
hur coult puy for Money, and shet him a
Horfe-

Horse-pack ; then he wanted his Rattles, and his trums, his Whistle-pipes, and his Fly-flappers, a kreat Hat, and a long Swort, e'kot ; and had them too — Was'nt hur a koot and intulshent Phater to him ? — And now, my Peloffed, what do ye think he tid when he had kot all these ? — why I will tell you now — He mounted his fine Colt with his kreat Hat and his long Swort, (e'kot he look't fferry fierce) and rote as if the Tefel had peen at his A-se into a kreat Pattle, got his Horse kilt, had a tamm't thump i'the Eye, and look't so foolish as if he had besh-t his Preeches. — He was effer an unlucky Poy, and hat much ato to run away with his Life this Time.

AND now, my Peloffed, haffing by Kot's Provitence escap'd this Scowring, he was koot Poy a little while ; but soon pegan to be in want a-kain — e'kot he was for-effer a-wanting something : — And what do you think he want now, my peloffed ? Why I will tell you — he want Wife. Hur now must look rount her for Wife for him : Hur tid so ; and provited state-ly

ly handsome, sprightly young 'oman, and 'oman of koot Family too, as any in *Llangtyddre*; 'oman of noble Qualities, and excellent Understanding, and koot huffisly Poty too; who had refused the pest of Offers to accept of young Hopeful — he was koot likely Lad enough to look at, e'kot:—And so they were marriet; and a ffery promising Couple they were.

AND now, my peloffed, when they were marriet, they want Settlement: Hur gave them Settlement; and they liffed ffery well a koot while, like Man and Wife, effery now and then quarrel; but she was prutent sensiple 'oman, and gave him his own Way — e'kot he woul't haffe his own Way; a true *Welchman*, tam't prout and opstinate from his Cratle.

He liffed ffery idle, that was the worst of it, which prought him into a pad Habit. He kot Shild after Shild, a kreat Number, the eldest prave hopeful Poy, (some say foolish poy, but that's tamm't Lie.) And as they grew up their Mother gave 'em ffery koot Instruction; learnt t'em to write and reat and cast Account—e'kot, she cast

Account ffery well herself — and dit a great Teal, made and mendet, was ffery notaple and hussifly; kept ffery koot Economy in her Family, and set an Example worthy the Imitashon of all the Parishoners of *Llangtyddre*, but for all that hur Protikal want Money, want pigger Settlement, pecaufe he had pigger Family, and made strange Pustle till he kot it too. Was'nt hur ffery koot Phater now? But hur Protical thought hur neffer dit enuff. And soon as he kot a new Shild he want a new pag of Money; and though the Mother nurse it, she want to pe well pait; — she was ffery frukal; but a little too coffetous; los't a kreat many koot Things about her, but was ffery saving when she had t'em, e'kot was she; but my Protikal did'nt care what he squanter; and like the Protical in the Paraple, wanted to have the Inheritance tiffited; wanted to have all his Porshon, and neffer was easy till he had it.

(AND now my Peloffed, being in full possession of all that he was to haffe, What do you think he dit? why hur will tell you — He took a kreat pag of Money, more than

than himself coult carry, and like the Protikal in hur Text, went with it into a far Country, and there spent it in riotous Liffing; and when he had done that, he come Home again for anot'er pag; and so pag after pag, till a Kuinea began to pe Stranger in *Langtyddre*; so that the poor Parishoners were forced to run in Debt in orter to pay their Tythe.

BUT while hur Protikal was playing these plaguy pranks Abroat, the koot 'Oman was left to manage what little remain't yet at Home; and she took ffery koot Care of effery Thing, and manage ffery well, and kept very koot Account; but as fast as she save, he spend, e'kot; and all in that tamm't far Country.

AT length, proceeding from one Dekree of riotous Liffing to another, he at last kot Wh—re; and then, after wallowing in Wantonnefs Abroat till his Money was kone, he come home cross as the Teffel to his Family; sometimes rave and tare and kick his Hat about; and other times confoundet sulky, and woul't not

say a Wort, but *Money, Money, Money*; he must and woult have *Money*.

AND this was the Way hur Protikal went on, Year after Year, for a kreat while, still growing worse and worse, and no Hopes of his mending; till at length the koot 'Oman, quite worn out with Care, and smitten with a sore Disease in her Pow-els, diet, Kot rest her Poty, for she was koot 'Oman, and so hur Protikal will say now; though, while she liffed, he did nt prize her so much as he shoult have tone.

WHEN she diet the poor People of *Llangtyddre* were all ready to die too, hur Protikal being known to have such a violent Spirit that no poty now woult ffenture to restrain it; but Reflection upon what hat past, and his kreat Krief for the Loss of his best Frient and best Counsellor, had a petter Effect upon him than the People of *Llangtyddre* effer imagined. He was quite tractable koot condishon't Creature e'kot; stray't at home and manage't his Affairs ffery well; had Wh—re indeed, but none but the old Parson of *Llangtyddre* minded that: a great Quarrel hap-
pen't

pen't among his Neighbours, he dit what he coult to heal the Preach, and make t'em all koot Frients again ; another kreat Quarrel too happen't between his own Stewart, and his Tennants at Will ; and though this same Stewart had been an old Servant i'the Family and a kreat Faf'rite, and though he was upheld py the Tennants in fee, yet her Protikal turn't him off for the sake of a quiet life. A young Poy too, his Name was *Taffey*, his Mother's Faf'rite, he took kreat Telight in ; and tho' his Mother diet before he was of Age, yet her Protikal took as koot Care of his Etu-cashon, as his Mother had done of that of all the rest.—E'kot he krew ffery koot sort of Man, and the People of *Llangtyddre* like him ffery well while he was koot ; but he had kot such a Hapit of Rambling Abroat, that he coult not stay at Home if he had been to have been made King of the Coun-try of *Langtyddre*.

AND now, my Peloffed, a new Quar-rel about tividing the Spoil of a phather-less Girl, furnish'd a koot Plea for ko-ing to take her Part : And so he woul't ko, e'kot, and took young *Taffey* along with him

him. Her can't ffery well tell how it happen't, but there was a kreat falling out and a plaguy Scuffle among 'em abroat, and young *Taffey* kot a sharp Kick o'the Shins mate him ko lame a kreat while, and my Protikal had a lucky Escape, or he had had his Pones proke — e'kot he had peen rightly serve't, for what pusiness had he there ?

WOULDN'T any soper pody have thought that such rough Treatment Abroat woul't have made hur Protikal a little more in love with Home ? — but no, e'kot, quite the Refferse — he krew most confountet cross to the *Llangtydder's*, and had it not peen for their Money, the Tefel and *Llangtyddre* might have taken a Foyage together, and he woul't neffer have ask't to what Port they were pound.

STIFF as hur protikal was, howeffer, when his Money was kone, he was forc't to sneak home for more ; he was plaguy hot when his *Welch* Ploot was up ; but the People of *Langtyddre* care't as little for him, as he dit for t'em — that's true, e'kot is it, — and tamm't his *Far-countrymen*, and said they woul't find t'em in Money no longer.

T'ere,

T'ere was a Hellish Stand-further for koot while, but true *Welchman* neffer pears Malice ; and so when Pashon was over, the Quarrel ented in koot Frientship.

THE Kick o'the Shin had mate young *Taffey* quite quarrelsome : And whereffer there was any cuffing or cutchelling he was sure to be at the Head of it. At last a Company of olt putcherly Glatiators trumpt up a Trial of Skill, and on one Site *Taffey* was chosen *Phinekar* : The Champions soon mount the Stage ; but the *Phinekar* on the opposite Site was a noted Prize-fi'ter and older than *Taffey*, and the Champions on his Site were always in a posture of Tefence, with their Weapons trawn, ready to thrust into their Antakonists Kuts ; while the Champions on *Taffey's* Site were phumbling to ket theirs out of the Scapports. *Taffey* was high Ploot, and neffer was daunted for all that ; but headet his Champions manfully, and fought t'em pravelly ; and though he came off with the worst, his Antakonist might count ploody Heads with him upon all Occashons — to pe prief with you, *Taffey*, for a young *Phinekar*, pehaved ffery kallantly.

THE

THE Prize-fi'ters that opposh't him were all sick enough of young Bruiser; and so new-phamp't an old Plot in order to get rid of him. An Allarm was spreat that the whole Parish of *Llangtyddre* was in an Up-roar, and so it was e'kot. — One *Perkin*, a crasy Fellow, had put it in an Uproar. This poor Man had run mad for Relishon; and it ran in his Heat, that the whole Parish of *Llangtyddre* was his, and so he sent his eltest Shilt, a *kreat Poy*, to the Parishoners to demant his Right, *jure tivino*, e'kot; — a crasy Errant, but it make a huge puffle for all that — Hur Protikal was at his peloffed Country, a *kreat Way* off; but flew, like the Tefel in a high Wint, when he heart the News — E'kot he make *kreat* puffle too; put on his pig Hat and long Swort, mountet his *kreat Horfe*, and look't ffery fferce; but young *Perkin*, a lively Lad, had kot together a Parcel of rugged Fellows from the fag End of the Parish, with neffer a preech to their A—ses, who wantet to make a Plunder, and did make a Plunder, and a tamm't Threatening too, till *Phinekar* was sent for; but when *Phinekar* kot among 'em with his *kreat Klub*, he make

teffelish

teffelish Havock ; he knock 'em o'the Heat like Kalfs, kilt a kreat many, kilt 'em a'most all ; and droff young *Perkin* off the premishes in a very loushy Condishion. E'kot he purn, flay, kill, and confount, one Corner of the parish, and then fly to his old Post of *Phinekar* again.

HUR Protikal was in a kreat pannic at first, and in a kreat pashon too ; and was reaty to eat *Phinekar* up when he had clear't the parish of the Tribes of Rakamuffians that come to cut his Throat.

YOUNG *Phinekar*, every poty thought, woult have made kreat Fikure among the Prize-fi'ters after this Encouragement ; but Things ko juft the same ; the Masters on *Taffey's* Site always hung an A-se, and nefe care't to mount the Stage, and when they dit, they were always sure to pe pea-ten, and so e'kot they all akree to kive out, and to kive the Champions on the other Site the Honour of the Tay. Young *Phinekar* was tamm't mad, but coult'nt help it, and was forc't to lay town his post, and return to *Llangtyddre*.

HUR Protikal was well enough pleased, to have Young *Taffey* at home, pecaufe he had koot Opinion of the poy, and tho' the woul't keep peace i'the parish : howeffer, he had not peen long at home, and all Things appearing quiet, but hur Protikal began to cast a leering Eye towarts the *Far Country*, and to call in his Rents, in or'ter to make up a pigger Pag of Money than ordinary to spent there in riotious Liffing ; and though he was often tolt that the Inhapi'tants of the *Far Country* were alreaty made risher than the Inhapi'tants of *Llangtyddre*, and that therefore he shoul't rather lisse riotously at Home, than ko Aproat to lisse riotously ; yet he woul't hearken to no such Atvice, but stamp and kick his Hat ; and when he kick his Hat, those that are about him must stand clear, e'kot must they—So they give him his Way, and he ko pag and paggage ; which leads me to the second Heat propose't to pe consider't in this Preachment ; and that was,

II. THE Usage he meet with in that far Country. And e'kot now, what do you think that is ? Why hur will tell you. As soon as certain Intelligence is prought of his coming, the People there are all up
in

in Arms to meet him, in ffery great Hopes of each ketting a share of the kreat pag of Money.

AND first of all they send Cart and two kreat Oxen, pecaufe the Horfes in that Country are hartly ftrong enough, to fetch the kreat pag, and when that comes, then there's a *Huzzza* and a kreat Laugh—e'kot they may well laugh—And when hur Protikal come, then they ko pounce, pounce, and double pounce; then hurry him into Alehouse to spend his Money; make him a kreat Fire, fetch Fidler, Piper, and Wh—re e'kot, and all get about him to rejoice and pe merry. Then they giffe him koot Tram, put him into warm ped and Wh—re along with him, and there let him lie till Morning.

WHEN Morning come, then a kreat Mob get together of Black-guarts and Blue-guarts, with Rattles and Trums, and Marrow-pones and Cleaffers, and all strike up together *Round about Cuckolts come shigg*. Then he crie *pravely tone Poys*, and throw whole Hantful of Money, and is reaty to crack his Sites to see how they squable in
picking

picking of it up. When he has differted himself koot while with this kind of Trol-
lery, he chats wi' Kirl a little, pats her o'the
pubbies, and asks her, *How she like Ni-
key!* She smiles and looks smirking; he
kiss, and puts Kuinea in her Hand.

THE next Thing he does is to walk A-
broat to see his Olt Acquaintance, trinks
with one, and trinks with another, kets
trunk, pays for all, and then comes home,
and peats Lantlady. — And this was the
Way hur Protikal spent his Supstance in
riotous Liffing at first koing into the *Far-
country.*

But tho' he were to do all this now; ko
from Alehouse to Alehouse, and from Sgin-
shop to Sgin-shop, treat one and treat t'o-
ther, keep Wh—re, and pay Piper; yet
none but the Olt Parson of *Llangtyddre*
would't mind that. But, to drain pag after
pag, and the kreat pag at last, they
have persuadet him to puild fine House,
and make Palls, and Plays, and Uproars,
and Fasquerates, and all Sorts of riotous
Toings in this same fine House—(e'kot 'tis
much finer House than the olt Manor-
house

house of *Llangtyddre*, and much petter furnisHet too)— ; to keep grand Equipage, with Furniture of Kold and Silffer, and Lifferies of rich and costly Cloth ; to set up for kreat Lort, and make ffery foolish pargains ; to be ffery fond of Black-guarts, Blue-guarts, yellow-guarts, or any Guarts, but Ret-guarts ; to be ffery shelowes of Ret-guarts, and to have always other-colour't Guarts, in reatiness to cut the Ret-guarts Throats if Lo'ff or Money will procure 'em ; to keep Conversafhon with other kreat Lorts, and kreat Laties too e'kot, and to puy their Frientship (if not to pe hat without) so long as there is Money enuff i'the pag ; to treat the *Llangtydders* as a Crew of sturty peggars, that want nothing so much as the Rot of Correction ; to look upon the *Far Countrymen* as pest Frients that woul't cut Throat or do any Thing for him but work (e'kot, they don't lo'ff Work) ; and in prief now, to spend ALL the kreat pag with them.—And this was the Atvice hur Protikal hearken't to, and this the Way he was craftily trawn in to waste his Supftance in the *Far Country*.

AND

AND haffing fine House, fine Wh—re, fine Speech, kay Company, and all his own Way, (e'kot he lo'ff his own Way much) no Olt Phater to say, *Poy, Why you do so?* he let the Money fly, as if it woul't neffer have End: and while the Money last, they nurse him pravelly, and raise his Fanity to the highest pinnacle of 'Ordly Pomp; they provide him with koot Horse, fine Sattle, Fellow to hold Stirrup, and another to tread upon, and so mount him on Horse-pack; then they orte a Reffew, (he lo'ffs a Reffew,) when the *Far-countrymn* strut py him one after another, as if they were Mutes and move't by Clockwork, and after they have all kone py they make a pounce, and then another pounce, and a double pounce, and so dispersh; then they make a kreat Feast of roast, and boilt, and grill't, and shugg'd, e'kot, and have Wine, and Punch, and Tram after Tinner, and all at hur Pro-tikal's Expence, while the poor olt Phater make shift with some koot *Welch Ale*; then they put him to Bet, fetch Kirl, and leave him till Evening,—when they get Piper, Fitler, Harper, Humstrum, and Hurdygurdy

dygurdy, and make Pall, have kreat Company, eat, trink, and tance, all night long, and so ko to Bet with Tay-light : He's Jack-pay-for-all, and that's the Way the Money koes.

WHEN hur Protikal is tire't of these Differfions, then they inffent fresh Pastimes: They make Hunting-match, and hunt wil't Swine, e'kot ; they gather all the idle poaching Fellows apout the Country, and trefs them up in fine kreen Coats, with kold Lace, poots as black as Slows, clean puckskin preeches, with Felvet Caps and kold Toffels, (he fint Liffery and lo'ffs to fee the *Far countrymen* neatly dressed); and when these are all reaty with their Lances in their Hants, then they rouse her Protikal with a Tan-twiffey, mount him on Horse-pack as pefore, and away to the Woots in joffial Consort ; then the Sport pegins, and what with the Musick of the Horns, the Cry of the Togs, the Krunting of the Hoks, and the Squealing of the Piggs, there is fuch a Tin as the Teffel made when he entered into the Hert of Swine ; then they kill Hok after Hok, and Pig after Pig, till her protikal is tir't, when

when the whole Company return to another kreat Feast, as pefore; and thus they go in feasting and rioting Tay after Tay, and Week after Week, till all his Money's kone,—and then e'kot he may ko too; which brings me to the last Heat I propos't to treat of in this Preachment; and that was:

THIRDLY and Lastly, The Cause of hur Return: *He had wextet his Supstane in riotous Liffing, and began to pe in Want;* and well he might, ekot, to ko on at this rate; but as soon as the heaffy pag began to weigh light, his koot Frients the *Far Countrymen* pegan to look ffery colt; no more Musie for him now he had no more Money to pay piper; e'kot, they effen pegan to wish for the *Py'd Piper* to play him back to his own Country for fear of being burthensome to the parish; instea't of feasting him with Roast and Boil't, they prought him a raw pickle't Herring for his Tinner; and instea't of koot Tram after it, they pring him some Sgin, and ask Who has kot his kreat pag o' Money? what kreat Lort he has made his Frient? Or what kreat Laty wil now give him pension?

Pension? What his Lortship intentet to do with his kreat House, his Orchar't, and his Apple-trees? How dispose of his Furniture, his Equipage, and the Black-guards about him? Wheter he tesign't to sell all tokether to some kreat Man, and pay off his Tratesmen's Bills? Or, wheter his Intention was to traw upon the Parish of *Llangtyddre* for another pag of Money to upholt his Lortship's Tignity, and support his Profusion?

HUR Protikal was sufficiently mortify'd by these and other Questions of the same kint, but pore 'em pashently from the *Far-countrymen*; neffer kik his Hat at all: But was determine't to leasse them for effer the first fair Wint: He has kot a kreat Spirit, and coul't not prooke such taunting from the peggars he had mate prout and insolent with the Money of *Langtyddre*; so like the Protikal in the Paraple, when he cast his Eyes homewarts and consiter't how much petter the Serffants in his phater's House liffed than he, now his Supstance was wastet in a far Country, he set himself town ffery pensive and ffery melancholy, and write ffery moving Letter inteed;

E

expressing

expressing therein koot teal of Sorrow for
haffing spent his Supstance in such riotous
Ways with an unkrateful people; desir-
ing to be receiv't again into Faffour;
and promissing neffer to ko rambling and
wh-ring again into that tamm't Country
where he had squander't his Money, and
peen so ill use't.

AND now, my peloffed, you have hear't
py this *Preachment* what a Life my proti-
kal hath led; py all his pranks, his Olt
Phater, you the Parishoners of *Llangtyddre*,
and himself, have peen the only Sufferers;
and I have prought you together to make
merry upon this occasion, pecaufe *the lost
Sheep is fount*, and fount without plemish;
pecaufe he has tone nothing to pring himself
to an untimely End; only squander't his Mo-
ney like a Spendrift, and prought himself
to Want.

AND this, my peloffed, is matter of kreat
Joy to us all, for now he will pe humple;
He was effer, as you have heart, a little
too hot and ffolent, like true *Welchman*;
but he is now quite the refferce, milt, and
shentle, and oblissing to effery pody.

WANT

WANT prings every pody to a right way of thinking; and if hur Protikal dit not apound, he woul't neffer tream of kooting to a far Country to squanter: Let him liff at home, keep koot House, pay his Olt Tepts, and e'kot he'll fint Ways enough for his Money; and if he toes this, and is koot to his Tennants, and liffs as the 'Squire of a parish shoul't liff, kives what he has to spare to the poor of his own Neighpourhoot; then let all the people of *Llangtyddre* sing *Joy to kreat Cæsar*, and the Olt *Parson* will join in the Chorus: But if effer he koes to that far Country again, with another kreat pag of Money, may the Teffel and the *Piper* of *Hamelen* play him into the *Ret Sea*, there to remain for effer and effer. *Amen*

F I N I S.

What brings every body to a right
 way of thinking; and if that should be
 not sound, he would never dream of ko-
 ing to a far Country to spend it: Let him
 live at home, keep his House, pay his Old
 Taxes, and eat his salt and Wives enough
 for his Money; and if he does this, and
 is not so his Tenants, and live as the
 'Spence of a parish should live, gives what
 he has to spare to the poor of his own
 Neighbourhood; and the people of
 the Country are happy, and the
 Old Taxes will join in the Chorus: But if
 effect the loss to that far Country again,
 with another great bag of Money, may
 the Tithes and the Pay of Hamlet pay
 him into the Red Sea, there to remain for
 ever and ever. Amen



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